

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLLEY

FATHERS have been so accidental, incidental and unimportant in all that life that it really is a remarkable stride humanity has taken in making them responsible, loving parents!

Nature herself has made the tie between mother and child the vital factor of life, but civilization has severed it, and the infant and juvenile development is better subserved if there are no parents instead of one.

POETS have penned hardships, and painters have painted immortal Madonnas, to glorify mother-love. Mother has, however, been left out in the cold. To be sure, man-made laws have given him rights over his children, even discriminating unfairly sometimes against the mother that went down into the Death Valley to bear them. Still, the general feeling and sentimentality always has been on the mother's side, and extolled the mother passion.

Today there is a new glimmering. In Father coming into his own? We have been favored by many melodramas and photoplays of late, depicting why girls leave home. In the past, when they were betrayed by a villain, mother invariably pleaded for them in vain with an obdurate, cruel, malevolent male parent, who turned the girl out into a snowstorm, usually with a baby, and a shawl over her head.

Just now Broadway is honored by an entirely modern and new conception. The Theatre Guild, which prefers art to money, has produced a marvelous study of a marcelled girl, angelically portrayed by Frank Reicher.

IN THIS play we have a modern type of girl who revolts over finer sensibilities. She lives in a suburb and works in New York. Her mother is not the healthy revolution of youth against dead forms and confining superstitions. She has no theories of a large life. She is not groping for congenial labor or self-expression, she merely desires luxury and gaiety and sensuality, and gradually she breaks her father's heart.

It is difficult to look into the eyes of youth and believe that they lie and cheat and are the windows to a stout heart. It is impossible to gaze at a lovely, beautiful young thing, that one worships as a baby and adores as an unfolding human soul, and decide that the girl is naturally a liar and a cheat and a libertine.

The mother is hard and materialistic and minus all idealism. Early in the game she has realized that her daughter was out for big spoils, and she has tent, peevishness and cynicism, finding with the wage-earner because of his incapacity to make great hauls and provide luxuries for his women-folk mark the girl's ambition. Envy of neighbors who fly high, spec-

ulate and brag eats out the harmony of the household. And all the time the father is trying to earn a decent living in an unappreciative commercial world and make the best of the treatment he can to assure his daughter's future.

WHEN he learns of her depravity his first impression is that she has been betrayed; but upon summoning the rich father of the young man she names he is surprised to find that she is at the reasonableness and high-minded attitude of this captain of finance. The millionaire insists that his son marry the girl if he has been in any way responsible for her downfall. It becomes apparent, however, that she is quite a mature and understanding woman of pleasure, who has chosen to "work" men in order to provide herself luxuries and amusement.

In the face of every blow the father remains the most loving and reasonable attitude to save his girl from throwing herself away entirely. To endure her lying and treachery is a torture to him only a little more acute than the realization of his impotence to offer her anything she wants.

FORCED to speculate, in the hope of providing greater wealth for the mother and daughter, he loses his nest-egg and finally his job. Patient and contented he has drifted for several years for one firm, which throws him out, as is the wont of soulless corporations. In the end he is driven into a business which he has no aptitude for. He will be unable to keep a roof over their heads. And so his wreckage is complete. He is a failure, a failure in the eyes of his daughter, who has turned her back on him. He has no more to offer her.

These are fathers and mothers. Undoubtedly some are bored with the noise and so conventional and conscientious a belief in their duty that they force themselves to feel a great joy, whereas in their secret heart there is indifference. In some cases, however, the modern father experiences a passionate love for his daughter, which equals the love of many mothers and surpasses that of some.

We once asked a handsome man in his prime what was the most potent thing he ever had experienced in his life. Instantly he replied: "I never had so wonderful an emotion as that which pervaded me when my first baby was laid in my arms."

A SENSITIVE, imaginative soul in a man may cause him to feel this. It is scarcely a universal emotion. Perhaps the poet yet may arise who will indite sonnets to father-love.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Disheartened?" You must do as your father says. Tell the young man your father will not allow you to meet boys outside of your home and that he considers you too young to receive callers. Tell him if he still cares for you in a couple of years and you still care for him, you can renew your friendship then.

A Reply to "Tillie's" Letter Dear Cynthia—in reply to "Tillie's" letter of a few evenings ago, I think it is a pure case of self-praise. She says she is "pleasantly plump" or something like that. In a later letter she says "she may be fat, but she has a loving disposition." I have heard fellows say, "fat girls get me!" So you see all fellows do not like fat girls or even pleasantly plump ones. I am a thin girl, weighing about 100 lbs. But "Tillie" says she has a loving disposition. But I say, I might be skinny, but I'm nifty. Let's hear from you, "Tillie."

Better Let Her Drop Dear Cynthia—Some time ago I was sent a company with a young girl and now all of a sudden she told me not to come around and now I hear that she has another fellow. I know that her mother is wondering why I don't come around any more. What I want to know is should I more. What I want to know is should I more. What I want to know is should I more. What I want to know is should I more.

Better Let Her Drop Dear Cynthia—I am a young man in my teens and have been going with a young lady five years younger than myself. I am not sure if I think an awful lot of this young lady. I have taken her out and have showed her some good times. This young lady told me to stop calling for a simple reason. I had to work over time and I explained it to her. She would like to regain her freedom. Is it proper for this young lady to talk about me, telling people that I have never taken her out any place, when I did do.

She Has Moved Dear Cynthia—I am a young man and have been engaged to her, and I have lent her money, and now she has moved and she has never written to me and I cannot find where she has moved to. She said she would let me know. It is nine months since I saw her.

Send a Christmas Card Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of sixteen years of age and have been going with a young man for three months and find him very pleasant company. The question I would like to have answered is, should I send him a Christmas card? I have heard through a friend of mine that he is going to give me a Christmas present, as he has done in the past. I would like to know if it would be proper for me to give him one, or what he should expect. Christmas card. Also, dear Cynthia, please answer me this, in going to a show with a particular boy, should you take his arm, also do you think it is proper for him to put his arm around yours at the show? B. T.

Read Your Character By Digby Phillips Extravagant Writing Credit men ought to pay particular attention to the handwriting of their firm's customers, but mighty few of them do.

CHAPTER XXXIX "I Don't Believe It!" WE STOOD facing each other, we two women, and I saw the look in Julie's eyes change from one of bewilderment to suspicion.

"Is this a trick of some kind?" she asked finally. I shook my head. "It's the truth, Julie. I used to know him. That day we met at the restaurant was agony for me, and afterward he threatened me when I told him it was impossible, that I would not keep silent."

"Threatened you with what?" Julie's young voice was hard and pitiless. How could I tell her; how could I rake up that terrible time of heart-agonies that I had suffered so long ago? And yet I had to tell her. No matter what she thought, no matter how difficult it was for me to go on, I had to do it. This was no time to consider my own feelings.

"You see, dear, I was in love with him, or thought I was. I was very young, just a little older than you were, and I was a stranger in the city, and he was kind to me."

"Yes?" Her voice gave me little encouragement. "And he showed me mine, that he threatened to show mine." "Is that all?" Julie flamed. "Because you were in love with him once, is that why you wanted to separate us?" I told her the truth. I told her what she had told me. I did not gloss things over in the slightest, and when it was all over and my voice had dwindled into silence, I waited breathlessly for her verdict.

It seemed ages before she spoke, and then she drew her slim body up and squared her shoulders. "Do you want to know what I think, Hawthorne? I pity you, that's how I feel, and—that's what I think. I pity you! I don't believe a word of this. That woman probably wanted to be revenged on Carroll for something, and she told you a pack of lies. Did you

FOR THE BROWN-EYED GIRL



A crisp frock of yellow taffeta makes a charming costume for the winter days. The scalloped edges, bound with "more of the same," make all the necessary trimming and a round bouquet of violets at the waist gives the contrast that every gown needs for relief and variation. The high horse-collar above the décolletage is interesting and becoming.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dene Merrill without telling her that she has once been in love with another man. She is tortured with fear lest she discover the truth, for although she has done nothing wrong, he is very narrow in his ideas about women. When she learns that Julie, Dene's little butterfly sister, is in love with Cranford Blake, the very same man Hawthorne has known in the past, she is horrified. Hawthorne meets Cranford, who has taken the name of Carroll Blackton, and he tries to show her his ideas about women. When Dene questions her about her knowledge of this man she is so evasive that she arouses his suspicions. In desperation she suggests taking Julie away for a time, but when the matter is suggested Julie rebels and threatens to run away with Blake. Hawthorne faced with the choice of letting Julie ruin her life or telling her the truth.

"Please don't say anything more Hawthorne, it won't do any good. I appreciate the fact that you're jealous, and for that reason you don't care what you say to me, but it's too bad you said that. I understand so much better your attitude toward everything."

Julie turned to the bed, closed the suitcase, and snapped back the lock. Then she went to the closet, took out her hat and fur coat, and calmly put them on while I stood by helplessly.

A moment later she had picked up the heavy suitcase from the bed, and had turned toward the door. She was going without even a glance in my direction.

Tomorrow—The Final Argument.

WHAT'S WHAT By HELEN DECIE

In no circumstances should anybody put a finger in the mouth to dislodge a particle of food. As it is equally improper to use a toothpick at the table, the only way to do so is to reject the particle into the napkin, which should cover the mouth during the process. If the food is to be swallowed, certain muscles of the jaw may be brought into action to assist the tongue in extruding the morsel. Often a drink of water will effect the dislodgment.

Adventures With a Purse

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLLEY

READ of my discovery! There is a certain cleansing cream that is used by a number of actresses. If I were to mention their names you would unquestionably find your favorite among them. This cream has a touch of camphor in it, so soothing and cooling to the skin. There is a shop here in Philadelphia, perhaps a few steps out of your way, but well worth finding, that has the exclusive privilege of selling this cream in Philadelphia. It is put up, not in the usual uninteresting looking jars that one associates with face creams, but in smart, hand-painted jars, with queer foreign-looking heads and imported designs; jars that every woman loves to have about her dresser or toilet table; jars that look to have been imported direct from Paris. Filled with the cream, the cost is something over \$1.50, and the pleasant shopkeeper tells me that many women come back time and time again to have their jars refilled with this same delightful cream. Oh, and how you will like that shop!

Are you puzzling over what to give "the man of the house" for Christmas? Well, does he drive an automobile? And, if so, have you noticed the attachments that come for the rear of machines that light up when the car is halted by traffic, displaying the word "Stop" in red-lighted lettering? How about one of these for a gift? I know where you can get them complete for \$4.25, which is a reduction from the original price of \$5.50.

The best value in crepe de chine I have yet to find is in a shop that is selling forty-inch material for \$1.45 a yard. It is not that thin, shiny material—oh, no. It is the crinkly, rough kind that looks good, and by my faith, is good! You will find that the quality in some of the colors is better than in others. But you can find any color you might want. I was particularly impressed with the jade green—for a negligee, for instance.

Nothing seen on the streets of New York in a long time has attracted more attention than a young woman who recently promulgated on Broadway wearing a long skirt.

Many women of Greenland are bald on the sides of their heads, owing to their method of dressing the hair, which is pulled tightly and held in place by a ribbon.

Does This Surprise You? The earring is not a modern invention, for more than twenty centuries ago the daughter of Aristotle wore golden hoops in her ears. The philosopher's daughter's earrings were found in her tomb near Chalchis by exploring archaeologists, and certainly modern workmanship cannot produce their equal.

Monkey Fur If you have any monkey fur at all, just scrap, you're in luck. You can use it anywhere. It takes the place of fringe on many a handsome frock; it falls off like hair, is drawn up in straight lines over hat crowns and adds a touch of distinction to any afternoon blouse. And its latest use is on a satin handbag, with a flap of embroidered silk which falls down on the outside. A strap, made of the monkey fur, extends below the edge of the flap.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. What distinction is claimed for Mrs. Judith Windsor Smith, of Boston, who is honorary president of the New England Woman's Club, and is almost 100 years old?

Yesterday's Answers 1. Mrs. Keith Spalding, of Chicago, has set an interesting record for sportswomen by bringing in a mounted broadbill swordfish weighing 426 pounds.

Asco Coffee 25c lb

Lenox China Dinnerware

Don't Let It Worry You

Barg's Philadelphia's Quality Cleaners and Dyers

We'd Be Happier If We Could Laugh at Our Twenty-Year-Old Sufferings

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLLEY

But It Isn't Until Years Later That We Realize How Unnecessary All Our Sorrows and Worries Were

"AT FORTY," said the scientist, "you have experienced to write about, at twenty you theorize." And there's more to it. At forty you can laugh about things; but at twenty you suffer. Oh, how you suffer! You're a dove dove you cruel blows then. The dearest object of your heart turns away for a second to answer a question from some one on the other side of the room.

And immediately that heart turns to lead and you are filled with bitterness. Unfaithful, fickle! To turn away right in the middle of a conversation! And this mountain grown out of a molehill continues for a week or more. You'll have to spend a number of explanations, quarrels, arguments and much, much suffering.

But not only love. Your parents misunderstand you. Your family laughs, laughs when you are in the depths of sorrow over the falling of a friend or worry over the countless problems of your life. There is so much injustice in the world when you are twenty. You don't get credit for your good deeds, but your mistakes are spoken in ones that can be heard around the world.

And each note is a barbed arrow that strikes deep in and hurts and hurts and hurts. When you're twenty. Your thoughts are all idealistic and theoretical and romantic. "Did you ever," you ask a kindred spirit in the same tone, "get crazy about somebody who doesn't care for you?" Having heard the sympathetic confession that you can bet your friend has had this same experience, you spend a delightful hour or two of deep suffering, comparing views on love, the

Wants a Poem Published To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—You have helped other people in their difficulties, and I wonder if you can help me. I have written in poem and in verse, and I have had many daily papers or magazine. Please tell me how I can have them published.

All About a Wedding To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—You have been such a good help to others, and even to me, that I am again taking advantage of your kindness.

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Wednesday the middle of the week and the middle of your work Rest easy on your Never Stretch mattress

Orange PUDDING It's hard to express the deliciousness of this wonderful flavor. For one who has never tasted Orange Pudding there is indeed a treat in store. The first spoonful will convince you. There are seven other flavors.

Doctors don't give medicine now, when they want to build you up. Instead they prescribe blood-building food.

This is why a famous Battle Creek sanitarium serves stewed raisins for breakfast. They supply patients with the food-iron needed to rebuild vitality.

Raisins are the Iron-Food Ask for the SUN-MAID Brand They are most delicious